



A Missouri Pioneer

By COL. JOHN R. MUSICK.

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While other stirring events were exciting the attention and directing the energies of the pioneers, the only educator in the Boone's Lick country was slowly and carefully plodding along with his work. Already the building which was the pride of his heart, as it was the hope of his life, began to show slight evidences of use. The newness and freshness was disappearing from the logs, which were growing a grayish brown. Inside they showed some evidences of last winter's smoke.

A hole picked through the wall with some sharp instrument had been covered over with a leaf torn out of an old copy-book. The broad opening called the window was now without glass or canvas covering, for the rainy spring required no further use for it. The sun streaming in at the open door warmed the oaken floor, and the towheaded boy sitting near it was watching the bright-eyed lizard which had crawled out from the leaves into the sun to warm.

The blue-jay in the tree near the house could be heard calling loudly, and other birds in the trees were filling the forest



with a richer music than any church choir ever rendered. It was very dull to those pioneer children sitting on those backless benches trying to read the hard and to them meaningless books. A good supply of spellers had been obtained, and these were covered over from morning until night by the students.

This warm September day had called from the school all the boys and girls large enough to assist on the newly-made farm, and the school had divided down to less than a dozen children too small to work. The duties of the school-master were none the less onerous.

"Kin me an' Jim go after a bucket of water!" The school-master, who had been lost in silent contemplation for several moments, raised his eyes to the diminutive speaker and answered: "Yes, if you're not gone too long, I'll be glad to see you."

The two bare-footedurchins rose and went to the bench on which sat the old cedar bucket with a gourd in it, and seizing it hastened out of the school-room, and then they were seen no more.

When it was brought, then some other student asked the favor of "passing the bucket." This being granted, he or she took the bucket to each student, who was permitted to dip out a drink, and then it was returned to the short bench where it belonged.

Hard, indeed, was the early education of our forefathers. The absence of pedagogies was in the crudest state, and even had it been perfect the implements at hand would have been wanting.

Mr. Van Loon, the educator, with all his zeal to instruct and elevate the young of the frontier, had a motive back of it all, his and fate, his own remarkable career, seemed all absorbed in one object. He wanted money, not for the sake of money, but for a purpose, and that purpose the moving prime object of his life.

In his helpless condition he had no other means of earning money save school-teaching. Long and patiently had he waited for the country to grow sufficiently to support a school. The time had come, and though the tuition was paid chiefly in furs and deer skins, these could be sent to the nearest trading post and converted into cash.

Peltries and furs had come in slowly since winter, for with the appearance of warm weather his school had dwindled to a few, and he was considering the propriety of giving it up entirely until autumn.

Half a mile to the northwest of the school-house he had built a strong log pen, or little house, in which was deposited his treasure. The little house was too strong for any wild animal to destroy it, and he had no fear of the neighbors robbing him.

Almost daily he went to his treasure-house and fondled those furs and peltries much as a miser might his gold and diamonds. He loved them, furs not for themselves, nor for the gold they would bring, but because they would take him home.

So he went home, to meet Bessie once more, was the cherished hope of his life. In all the long years that had passed since last he saw her, he could only remember her as the same pretty girl she had been when he last saw her. He could not think of her as a woman whose cheek might be wrinkled or hair turned gray.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie, I have loved you long, fond and true," he murmured when alone. "You are waiting for me—waiting! and I will come." Then over his head, hard features would come an expression of tenderness, which seemed to change the whole manner of the man. He was no longer harsh and crabbed, and the pupils sometimes thought him, but gentle, kind, sunny.

Carefully he unfurled the strong, stout deer of his treasure-house, and entering it in a stooped position, for the

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Read the following, by William Cole, M. D., Washington, D. C., published in the United Investigating Reports regarding the prescription from which this remedy for curing Pining Manhood is prepared:

Some fifteen years ago the writer gave attention to the cure of nervous disorders, and found that the late Dr. Wilson, Professor of Chemistry and Practitioner of Medicine in Bellevue Medical College of New York, had been of wonderful power to restore to men the fullness of their physical and mental strength. In the year 1884 the celebrated Dr. Wilson died, and the writer, who had been a student of the same, by order of the Board of Investigation, we find it composed of pure and fresh drugs, and that it is sold under the name of "Dr. Wilson's Restorative Remedies." Our investigation was extended into a great number of similar preparations, some of which were found to be of the same nature, while many were prepared by those who knew little or nothing about therapeutics of nervous medicine. We decided to make Dr. Wilson's Restorative Remedies, prepared and sold by L. F. Page, 201 State Street, Marshall, Michigan, and sent the official endorsement of the United States Investigating Reports.

I am not a doctor nor a sharper, but a plain business man, and I want every weak, disappointed and debilitated man to write to me for a free sample package of this remedy. Cast aside your modesty. This matter is too important. Act at once with manly decision, and you will see the mistakes you have made, but you cannot recall the vigor and fire of the springtime of robust manhood. Your transgressions have left their mark upon you. Your errors and excesses have ravaged your system and undermined your nerve force. Backache, nervousness and lost vitality are making your life a miserable existence devoid of pleasure. You hesitate and falter; you are not the man you once were, and you know it.

Do not delay, for the longer you let your trouble run, the harder it will be to cure. Write today, for a free sample package of this wonderful medicine. One who has written to me for this remedy has written to me for a free sample package of this remedy. I want to help every suffering man in America to regain his health and strength and the ability to enjoy the pleasures of life. Address L. F. Page, private box 707, Marshall, Mich.

His weakness and timidity may be attributed to his early training, for he had been a petted and favored child.

Dismissing his little school, he went again to his treasure-house, and when alone bowed on his knees and produced the yellow bit of faded cambric which he always carried near his heart and the miniature of Bessie.

"Bessie, Bessie, I am coming home, I am coming to you, and oh, the joy, the happiness that will be ours, is too great for this world."

He counted his furs and peltries and noted the value of each. A look of sadness came over his face as he murmured:

"It is not quite enough. Next winter I will more than double them, and will have sufficient to go home like a gentleman. I will purchase new clothes, and look young again, as when I left. I am not old; I am not old. What I am a young man. It would not do for Bessie, young and beautiful, to wed a man with gray hair and wrinkles."

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by something they had seen in the dark, mysterious woods.

With buckets and pans the frontiersman's work was done. The steady flow of milk in a stream caused the white foam to rise from the bottom and rise quickly to the top.

Suddenly there rang on the morning air a sharp report. Crack! crack! bang! came others, and Mrs. Ramsey dropped her milking pail and started up with a shriek, holding her hand to her forehead, from which the blood was streaming.

The cow, with a shot in her side, ran bawling away.

Mr. Ramsey started back and saw the smoke rising from the smoking and a dozen dark, half-naked forms coming across the newly-plowed field.

A shot struck him, but badly wounded as he was, his thoughts were only of his wife.

"Run, Lucy, run to the house," he shouted. The dazed woman started toward the house, when the Indians fired again, and another shot struck her. The pioneer forgot his three children in the front yard, who were overtaken, tomahawked and scalped. Mrs. Ramsey, who had been holding her hand to her forehead, now held it to her side, while her hand seized his rifle and opened fire through the cracks in the logs of the house.

Two older boys saw what was going on and took to their heels in the woods, and ran toward Mr. Van Loon's school-house. They came upon a young hunter on the bank of a stream, and he seemed to have passed the night in the woods.

"What's the matter over there?" George McNair asked, for it was he.

"What was all that shooting about?" "Injuns, Injuns!" cried the boys. "They are killing our folks."

"Where are you going?" "Where are you going?" "Where are you going?" "Where are you going?"

An Indian raid was calculated to rouse and unite the frontiersmen for mutual protection. The youth knew he would now be in no danger from the Indians, now he was in danger from the Indians.

Of course, Mr. Van Loon dismissed his school, and sent the children scurrying home to hunt a place of safety and spread the alarm.

Old Daniel Boone came with the party, and was given command. They hastened to the Ramsey house, where a scene of horror awaited them. The three little children were found dead in the front yard, and the father still at his post, though bleeding from two or three wounds.

"Where are the Indians?" Where are the red devils? Was the general cry as they approached the house.

The Indians had gone. No doubt appraised of the advance of white hunters, school-house and home had been abandoned, the father still at his post, though bleeding from two or three wounds.

"I have defended my home as well as I could, but the devils were too many for me," he said.

The veteran pioneer, Daniel Boone, who was with the advance, carrying his well-worn rifle, unerring in his hand, entered the house, and called for water and soft linen, washed and dressed the wounded woman, while her dead children were gathered up and prepared for burial.

"You are older than I am," said George McNair, "and you are a better man than I am."

"Yes," he answered, "calamity making him bold."

"You have been here?" "Hunting, trapping, and boating."

"I heard La Boone wanted you, but I wouldn't—a told him I know where ye were."

"I know it, where do you suppose those Indians went?" "I don't know."

He may be even now killing some of our people, we had better be at them."

"Good Lord, I hadn't thought of that," gasped Abner. "Mother and Betsy Ann are alone. Where's Newt and Neph?"

"We'll go home right off."

"Wait! I will do to divide up now. They'll kill us one at a time," said George. "Rockin' your right!"

Horror, dread and fear had so completely gripped the men, that they were dumb as they stood in groups, gazing helplessly into each other's faces. Daniel Boone and his sons were the coolest of men, but they were not immune from the suffering of the others.

George McNair was first to awake into something like activity, and he began at once to organize a party for defense.

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"Who told you?" "He did."

"Then ye seen him?" "Yes, I have been hanging about here for some time."

"Say, George, won't the Sheriff git you?" "Don't know, Abe. This ain't no time now to ask what the Sheriff'll do. When the Indians are killing women and children, we'll have to forget La Boone and the Sheriff."

"Yes, I don't think they order do anything with a feller, even if he had done some crooked work, in a time like this."

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The great blood purifier, Zaegel's Swedish Essence of Life, is to be given away free to readers of this paper.

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Do not neglect to get in your application at once. The best way is to sit down this minute, write a letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., P. O. Box 999, Sheboygan, Wis., and say that you want a trial package of Swedish Essence of Life. This will be sent by mail and is large enough to convince you of the merit of this celebrated household remedy. A 2-cent stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample. Write for it today.

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